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# THE NEW UNITY

For Good Citizenship, Good Literature; and Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

OLD SERIES, VOL. 40. CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 17, 1898. NEW SERIES, VOL. 5

Reading Room Divinity School

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*"'My son,' said an Arab chieftain, 'hasten to the spring and bring me a basket of water.' The lad hastened and worked long and diligently to fill the basket, but before he could return it to the tent the water leaked out. At length he saw that the labor was vain, and he returned to his father and said:*

*'Although I repeatedly filled the basket, the water would not stay.'*

*Then his father took the basket and said:*

*'My son, what you say is true. The water did not stay, but see how clean and pure is the basket. So it will be with your heart. You may not be able to remember all the precepts you hear, but keep trying to treasure them; they will make your heart pure and fit for heavenly use.'"*

From "THE WELLSPRING."

Alfred C. Clark, Publisher, 185-187 Dearborn St. Chicago.

# A CALL!

# An Iowa Liberal Congress of Religion

CO-OPERATING WITH THE

## NATIONAL LIBERAL CONGRESS

WILL BE HELD AT

## Cedar Rapids, Iowa, April 26, 27, 28, 1898

### THE INVITATION

All under whose eyes this notice may fall, of any church or of no church, who are willing to come together for the study of the essentials of religion as things of the spirit and purpose, rather than of speculative opinion: things too great for dogmatic expression, and too exalted for credal affirmation or denial: all those who desire to see the world become better, and are willing to work together for this betterment, are cordially invited to this meeting.

We would make it in the largest sense inter-denominational, we mean to forget our differences that we may the better deliberate upon our common privileges and duties.

In the best possible way the meeting will be fraternal, not sectarian. *We will erect no walls of separation not already existing. We will aim to ignore them all, while emphasizing the great commandments — love to God, and equal love to our fellows.*

The Congress is to be held in the Universalist Church, corner of Third Avenue and Sixth street, only three blocks from the Union Station.

As far as possible, visitors will be met at the trains and directed to the church, where a committee will be in waiting to assign them places of entertainment. To such as prefer a hotel, arrangements have been made at the Grand, at rates varying from $2.50 to $4.00 per day.

It is very desirable that persons expecting to attend will inform the Secretary a little in advance of their coming, that places may be ready for them.

The program is not yet ready for publication, but we can announce that the opening sermon will be given by Rev. Dr. Thomas, of Chicago, on Tuesday evening, April 25, and that Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Secretary, and other representatives of the National Congress will be present.

Come you in churches and you outside of churches; spread the news; extend this notice. Send to the Secretary for copies of this call and send them to your friends.

For further information apply to the Secretary, J. H. PALMER,
520 8th Ave., Cedar Rapids, Ia.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS AND INVITATIONS:

HON. GIFFORD S. ROBINSON, Sioux City; Justice Supreme Court.
HON. J. H. FUNK, Iowa Falls; Speaker Iowa House of Representatives.
HON. W. H. MCACHRAN, Bloomfield.
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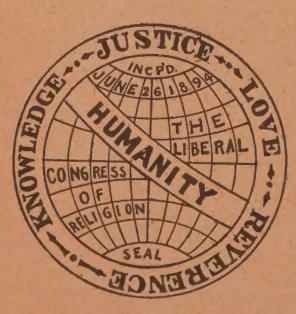
MRS. FRANK CARROLL, Cedar Rapids.
MRS. C. D. VAN VECHTEN, Cedar Rapids.

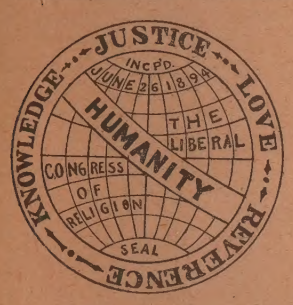
In further exemplification of the spirit of the above call and the purpose of the meeting, we print as supplementary matter the following card of the General Congress. For further particulars concerning the work of this Congress, address the General Secretary, Jenkin Lloyd Jones, 3939 Langley Ave., Chicago, or subscribe for the organ of the Congress, THE NEW UNITY, published weekly, 185 Dearborn St. Chicago. $2.00 per annum.




TO unite in a larger fellowship and co-operation, such existing societies and liberal elements as are in sympathy with the movement toward undogmatic religion; to foster and encourage the organization of non-sectarian churches and kindred societies on the basis of absolute mental liberty; to secure a closer and more helpful association of all these in the thought and work of the world under the great law and life of love; to develop the church of humanity, democratic in organization, progressive in spirit, aiming at the development of pure and high character, hospitable to all forms of thought, cherishing the spiritual traditions and experiences of the past, but keeping itself open to all new light and the higher developments of the future.
—*From Articles of Incorporation of the Liberal Congress of Religion.*

# THE NEW UNITY

VOLUME V. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1898. NUMBER 51




TO unite in a larger fellowship and co-operation, such existing societies and liberal elements as are in sympathy with the movement toward undogmatic religion, to foster and encourage the organization of non-sectarian churches and kindred societies on the basis of absolute mental liberty; to secure a closer and more helpful association of all these in the thought and work of the world under the great law and life of love; to develop the church of humanity, democratic in oganization, progressive in spirit, aiming at the development of pure and high character, hospitable to all forms of thought, cherishing the spiritual traditions and experiences of the past, but keeping itself open to all new light and the higher developments of the future. —*From Articles of Incorporation of the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies.*

## Editorial.

*This lowering of standards, this setting of a low ideal, is perhaps the worst of the situation, for daily, by our actions and decisions, we not only determine ideals for ourselves, but largely for each other. We are all involved in this political corruption, and, as members of the community, stand indicted. This is the penalty of a democracy—that we are bound to move forward or retrograde together. None of us can stand aside, for our feet are mired in the same soil, and our lungs breathe the same air.* JANE ADDAMS.

We take pleasure in calling attention to the official call for the Iowa Liberal Congress, published on opposite page. This Congress is one more sign of the times. It is a spontaneous growth in Iowa, unsuggested by THE NEW UNITY, or the National Congress, but to which THE NEW UNITY lends its unqualified support and hearty co-operation. Whether this Congress will end with itself or prove one of a series; whether it turns out to be a passing incident in the religious gropings of Iowa or a permanent organization, all the same it appeals to the best there is in all the denominations, and puts the liberal claim of all names to the test. Let there be a large rally in Iowa. The parent Congress, while in no way officially responsible, lends its cordial co-operation and earnest sympathy.

Girton College, which offers the highest privilege available to English women, has reached a real embarrassment from over-success. Its chapels, halls, lecture rooms and dormitories are too small. It is trying to know how to do the next thing that ought to be done when the opportunity overreaches the resources.

The *Ornithologist* is reported to have said that the "wonderful lyre bird will soon become a thing of the past, and with it will disappear the sole survival of an ancient race before even its habits and structure are well known," and this desecration of the present and despoiling of the future will be brought about by the foolish women who persist in doing the cruel thing, of making a market for the dead bodies of such rare products of nature. Once again we say, "Shame!"

A "college professor" in the last week's *Independent* has a timely protest against what he calls "Smoke-Talks by Club Men." We have no knowledge in this direction. We hope it is not so bad as this professor suspects. He speaks of this sort of indulgence among club men coming to mean "in our large cities a free and easy violation of the chaste proprieties of speech." However this may be, in regard to any particular class of entertainments or the habits indulged in by any clubs, it is becoming more and more obvious to students of society that the separation along sex lines for social enjoyment is fraught with dangers and debilities. Among men it ever tends toward drinking and smoking convivialities, with the attendant crudeness, coarseness, and profanities; and with women there is a tendency none the less dangerous to superficiality, display, social gossip, and the emphasis of conventional class lines. The father who did not take his son along "because I was afraid there might be something objectionable said or suggested," ought to have guarded the purity of the father of that son by staying away. Better yet to have seen to it that the real attractions on that occasion were made available to his wife and daughter, and taken them along. But men are not alone responsible for these unisexual degeneracies. Debility creeps among women on their lines. Let men and women realize the gravity of the situation in city life, and when the church, the common ground for the social, intellectual, and moral life of the family, men, women, and children, fails to meet this demand, and social clubs are necessary, let them be clubs of men and women, of old and young, and many of the dangers now so threatening will be averted.

A little girl in Boston wrote a composition on boys. Here it is: "The boy is not an animal, yet they can be heard to a considerable distance. When a boy hollers he opens his big mouth like frogs, but girls hold their tongue till they are spoke to, and then they answer respectable and tell just how it was. A boy thinks himself clever because he can wade where it is deep, but God made the dry land for every living thing, and rested on the seventh day. When the boy grows up he is called a husband, and then he stops wading and stays out nights, but the grew-up girl is a widow and keeps house."

It is pathetic, but encouraging, to read the painful disclosures concerning the Yale University and the degenerating habits and interest that follow in its wake as now revealed in the papers. It is poor consolation to Yale to say that it probably is no worse than most other universities, but certainly the exhibit made by the *Voice* and taken up by our contemporaries is one that justifies the serious apprehension. If a boycott is justified anywhere, the boycott proposed by the New Jersey Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and seconded by so many prominent citizens of the United States, as indicated in a recent issue of the *Voice*, is a justifiable one. With the *Northwestern Christian Advocate*, THE NEW UNITY will say, "Mothers have a weakness for their sons and are quite willing to be sneered at if only they can save their boys." If a university training means familiarity with the dissipations of life that are liable, in the long run, to win and seduce them to the extravagances and demoralizations of the bowl, the pipe, the gaming house, and even the worse depravities of coarseness, vulgarity and the profanation of sex, they had better forever do without the university training. In this connection it is interesting to read the decisive steps taken by Dartmouth, and the most significant and manly utterances of President Eliot, of Harvard, in the right direction. The latter testifies that the morality among the students has materially improved since the introduction of prohibition into Cambridge, and Dartmouth expends fifteen thousand dollars a year in scholarships open to total abstainers only. There is but one policeman in this college town of two thousand. The nearest jail is thirty miles away, and there has been no arrest for drunkenness among college students for twenty-five years. This is progressive education, advanced sociology, scientific culture.

One of the significant evidences of the largeness of the nature of Abraham Lincoln is found in the highly developed sense of togetherness which was his. What we are learning to call the corporate consciousness revealed itself in him. He had a civic conscience—a consciousness of the whole. He lived before the word "sociology" was current among scholars. He ante-dated Arthur Toynbee, Jane Addams, Mrs. Humphrey Ward, and the prophets of social reform. He was in his grave nearly a generation before "Civic Federations" and "Municipal Leagues" were heard of, but he anticipated all these. He was the prophet of neighborhood reform. He felt over and above all the disgraces of the individual the horrible disgraces of the state, and he felt supremely in his own heart, not only the stings of his own mis-doings, but the greater wrongs of the state, the immeasurable cruelty of organized society and life. This began to develop itself early in his life. The young lawyer at Springfield, when twenty-eight years of age, away back in 1837, in an address before the Young Men's Lyceum, anticipated our mighty struggle for official purity, our ignoble civic disgraces, and indicated then what is still the only remedy, not only for our corrupt politics, but for our degenerate and selfish religion. It is the word of the Lord now, as it was then, to preachers and churches, as much as it is to legislators and political parties. In this address he said:

"Here, then, is one point at which danger may be expected. The question recurs, "How shall we fortify against it?" The answer is simple. Let every American, every lover of liberty, every well-wisher to his posterity, swear by the blood of the Revolution never to violate in the least particular the laws of the country, and never to tolerate their violation by others. As the patriots of seventy-six did to the support of the Declaration of Independence, so to the support of the Consitution and laws let every American pledge his life, his property, and his sacred honor—let every man remember that to violate the law is to trample on the blood of his father, and to tear the charter of his own and his children's liberty. Let reverence for the laws be breathed by every American mother to the lisping babe that prattles on her lap; let it be taught in schools, in seminaries, and in colleges; let it be written in primers, spelling-books, and in almanacs; let it be preached from the pulpit, proclaimed in legislative halls, and enforced in courts of justice. And, in short, let it become the political religion of the nation; and let the old and the young, the rich and the poor, the grave and the gay of all sexes and tongues, and colors, and conditions, sacrifice unceasingly upon its altars.

## The Essentials of Religion.

With each return of the birthday of Abraham Lincoln, the significance and beauty and far-reaching power of that life is more and more felt. Last week the many-sided suggestiveness of that life was exemplified by thousands of editorials, sermons, and banquet addresses. Ex-President Harrison, Lyman Gage, of the United States Treasury, and Bishop Potter, of New York, came to Chicago to participate in the Lincoln banquet by the Marquette Club. The public schools of the city held special memorial services on the Friday preceding. The Woman's Club, of Chicago, gave a children's entertainment on Saturday morning at Central Music Hall, and celebrated the occasion in their own rooms in the afternoon by suitable music in the charge of Frederick

Root, and an address by the senior editor of this paper. On Sunday last, most of the pulpits of the city remembered Abraham Lincoln in one way or another. All tried to draw therefrom lessons of high moral import and direct religious significance.

And still, in the interest of clear thinking and honest interpretation, as an aid and encouragement to thousands of perplexed spirits to-day, it is right once more to call attention to the religious paradox presented by Abraham Lincoln. The obvious fact is that, as the common estimate goes on any theological or ecclesiastical lines, Abraham Lincoln did not have much religion to speak of. There is no attempt to prove that anywhere or at any time did he pass through any of the experiences which are supposed to be the necessary introductions of a soul into the "Christian life." There is no claim of conversion or a change of heart, or any of those evidences of a transformation which would admit him as a probationer into any consistent orthodox church in Christendom. There is plenty of evidence that, as regards all these things, he was to the end of his life an outsider; in the earlier years aggressively so, but as life deepened and responsibilities thickened, they seem to have sunk into the insignificance which belongs to them, and he touched the lower currents that carry away all the petty distinctions of creeds and the superficial driftwood of dogmas and doctrines beaten out of the poor finite brains of man and pieced together by more or less attenuated texts and distorted passages of Scripture. When a boy in the New Salem Post Office, attending to the mail, which came but once a week, and doing the duties of a land surveyor between times, he had much time to read. He then came upon the writings of Thomas Paine, Volney, and Voltaire, books which, by some kind of strange penetration, found their way upon the earlier crest of emigration in this western world. He made an abstract of the argument urged in these books against supernatural Christianity, and read it in the village store; but it would seem also to have been an argument for the faith of reason, and what in those days was called the "religion of nature," which religion subsequently was to be so immeasurably enriched and enforced by the interpretations of the great students of nature, Darwin, Spencer, Fiske, and their associates. The village storekeeper seemed to have been impressed with an ominous sense of the impiety involved, and he is said to have taken the first opportunity offered him of putting the skeptical manuscript into the stove. Later, in the early lawyer days at Springfield, he seems to have come upon that unique and startling book, "The Vestiges of Creation," which was the forerunner of Darwin, the author of which, until the last five or six years, was shrouded in a mystery that seemed impenetrable. That book, which it is now known was written by Robert Chambers, the great Scotch publisher, was one which challenged the attention of the strongest and freest minds of his generation, and did more than can ever be estimated in preparing the way for what was first called "Darwinism," and now known by the fuller term of "evolution." Says Judge David Davis, his great co-laborer and companion on the circuit, and friend and counselor in the dark days of the nation: "Lincoln had faith in laws, in principles, in causes and effects, but he had no 'faith' in the Christian sense of the term," meaning, of course, in the ordinary theological sense of the word. Once he is purported to have said: "There are no accidents in my philosophy." To another friend he said: "I am a kind of an Immortalist. I could never bring myself to believe in eternal punishment." Another friend of his has said: "On the doctrine of depravity, atonement, and infallibility of the written revelation and such questions, he was utterly at variance with those usually taught in the church." Herndon, his law partner for so many years, tells us with what avidity he read the writings of Channing, and how he laid hold of the earlier writings of Theodore Parker, in whose pages, away back in 1858, he probably first came upon the phrase, not original with Theodore Parker, which was finally polished into its last compactness in the great Gettysburg speech, which describes democracy as "a government of the people, by the people, and for the people."

Jesse K. Fell, to whom Mr. Lincoln confided the first details of his biography, and who, all things considered, perhaps was the most appreciative and intelligent intimate of Abraham Lincoln during his Illinois career, has made a careful statement which is published in Mr. Herndon's "Life." Mr. Fell says:

> I have no hesitation whatever, in saying that whilst he held many opinions in common with the great mass of Christian believers, he did not believe in what are regarded as the orthodox or evangelical views of Christianity. On the innate depravity of man, the character and office of the great head of the church, the atonement, the infallibility of the written revelation, the performance of miracles, the nature and design of present and future rewards and punishments (as they are popularly called), and many other subjects he held opinions utterly at variance with what are usually taught in the church. I should say that his expressed views on these and kindred topics were such as, in the estimation of most believers, would place him outside the Christian pale. Yet, to my mind, such was not the true position, since his principles and practices, and the spirit of his whole life were of the very kind we universally agree to call Christian; and I think this conclusion is in no wise affected by the circumstance that he never attached himself to any religious society whatever. His religious views were eminently practical, and are summed up, as I think, in these two propositions: the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man.

The most famous testimony on this subject is that given by the artist, F. B. Carpenter, in his interesting book entitled "Six Months at the White

House with Abraham Lincoln," which contains the story of the great picture of the emancipation proclamation. He quotes Hon. H. C. Deming, of Connecticut, as saying:

> On an occasion I shall never forget, the conversation turned upon religious subjects, and Mr. Lincoln made this impressive remark: "I have never united myself to any church because I have found difficulty in giving my assent without mental reservation to the long, complicated statements of Christian doctrine which characterize their articles of belief and confessions of faith. When any church will inscribe over its altar, as its sole qualification for membership, the Savior's condensed statement of the substance of both law and Gospel, 'Thou shalt love the Lord, thy God, with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself,' that church will I join with all my heart and all my soul."

These facts need to be remembered and reiterated, not to prove the irreligion of the greatest American, but in order to bring out in living power the profound religiousness of Abraham Lincoln. After his death, many of the spokesmen of the so-called "religious world," found themselves with a great perplexing task on their hands. Here was the great, throbbing-hearted Lincoln, the savior of souls, the giver of liberty, the revered of the best on earth, wandering outside the gates of heaven, if their creeds were true. No wonder that they sought, with lantern and with microscope, for any infinitesimal evidence that would warrant them in yielding to the universal verdict of the American heart that Abraham Lincoln, dead or alive, was acceptable of man, and must be accepted of God, unless his divine standards were cheaper, coarser, meaner, than the human outpourings of widowed hearts, the grateful offerings of orphan children, the hosannas of liberated slaves. They tried to prove Lincoln religious by making out that he believed something about Jesus, something about God, and something about the Bible, as they did. They sought for pious phrase, accent of prayer, act of formal devotion, but the American people promptly anticipated the methods of history. They called for a change of venue, appealed not to the dicision of ecclesiastics, but the higher vision of enlightened humanity, and they said, "Abraham Lincoln was religious because he carried in his heart a godlike love, because he was a truth-teller, a right doer, because in him the humane instincts of the nineteenth century culminated; because he dared not only to throw aside the trappings of ecclesiasticism, but the fetters of political parties." He did without the helps and stays that are considered necessary to the intellectual, moral, and religious life of the commonplace, and, by virtue of an internal force, he rose into the sublimity of full manhood, those sublime proportions of plain manliness that proved his relationship to all that is infinite and eternal. His kinship with the man of Nazareth was proven, not by his acceptance of certain terms that indicated his supernatural nature or his sacrificial office, but because, like the Nazarene, he went up and down the world doing good. His was the beatitude which the Elder Brother pronounced "blessed;" his was the "pure heart," the meekness of greatness, the divine compassion. He was the "poor in spirit," the holy "peacemaker." He "hungered after righteousness" he was so sadly "persecuted for truth's sake," and he reaped the full reward of the persecuted. The untrammeled mind inevitably flashes from the nails and the cruel cross on Calvary to the swift flying bullets in the Washington theatre.

In view of all this, a million souls in America today, reared in the conventional thought of religion, will say, if there is a glory-corner anywhere in the universe where the hallelujahs of four million emancipated slaves may not carry the soul of Abraham Lincoln because, forsooth, he had a head that worked, as well as a heart when he was flesh environed, then we can do without that glory-corner ourselves; and if there be anywhere in space a great white throne upon which sits a God that is inaccessible to this plain manliness, that turns a deaf ear to the motherly tenderness of that bleeding heart, that waves away the godlike charity of Abraham Lincoln because, forsooth, he does not appear clothed upon with the vicarious whiteness imputed to him by another, then we can afford to be strangers to that throne, and we will refuse to bend the knee in adoration before such a God, though he sits enthroned upon the heavens, and though he hold the destinies of eternity in his hands. The heaven of Abraham Lincoln is good enough for us, the hell of Abraham Lincoln is none too bad for us.

## Physical Education.

How much longer will the colleges go on with this dangling annex, called college athletics? How much longer will parents tolerate this perversion of the educational idea? It is easy to comprehend the enthusiasm which has arisen for more culture of the body. We could endure that it should take almost any form for a time, so much was it needed. Our stock was going to brain culture, to the neglect of the body, until we discovered that the mind and the body constituted an entity; wherein there could be no antagonism, and where there could be no neglect of parts. Bad blood leads not only to degeneration of the muscles but to degredation of the mind. Our enthusiasm for education as a universal panacea we also discovered was badly negatived by sociological facts. For our worst rascals were well educated. It is a dangerous thing to educate intelligence without moral purpose. It is hardly less dangerous to educate the brain at the cost of the stomach. The rise of muscular Christianity, and the swing it got in the hands of Kingsley, Maurice, Stanley and Robertson, prepared the way for a great passion for more muscle and less mere knowledge. The deluge has come! It has rolled over us in successive waves.

No one will dispute the possible value of increased physical education; but what is to come of it in its present form? Are we to have only a disorganized rage for gaming? Or are we soon to come to a

period of well-considered physical culture as a legitimate part of public education? How much are our universities doing to incorporate the new sentiment into a completed system of education? The Greek, when he sent his boy to school, expected him to be trained in all his faculties, both of body and mind—that is, to be made a well-rounded citizen. This is why the Grecian games fitted to natural life—they were a part of public education. But so far we Americans have made a very hurly-burly mess of it. Our college boys do not drill and train as a part of regular college work. On the contrary, they train generally, with private instructors, in order to be able to get away from college and play matched games. Athletics is not a part of the college curriculum. Few of our higher institutions have even an instructor in a gymnasium. Those who do furnish such instruction have no supervision of the young men in their outside games. The boys go and come with only this provision, that they must keep up their marks in their studies and laboratory work. How do they do this? We are credibly informed that athletes very generally spend their afternoons in training, and study at night; that they are not as a rule sleeping beyond six or seven hours; that they do not come out at the end of the college course as sound in body as those who do not rank as athletes. This we have taken some pains to verify. More than this, do we send our lads to college with the expectation that they will spend at least one-third as much on traveling, or games, and on private trainers as they spend on tuition and expenses coincident to the college course? The cost of this loose sort of physical education is getting to be intolerable, and should be abated. Why in the name of common sense are our institutions of learning not taking measures to either expunge physical culture, or else absorb it into the curriculum? Why do they not widen out their work to cover the games, if such are necessary, as well as the intellectual contests? It may be true that the era of paternalism has passed away, but that is no reason why young men who are sent to college should take into their hands one-half of their education, without supervision, control or advice.

E. P. P.

---

Moved by the announcement that instead of breaking a bottle of wine over the bow of the Japanese warship Kasagi, Miss Long, daughter of the secretary of the navy, would loose a white pigeon, a well-known poet, supposed to be Richard Watson Gilder, sends the *Critic* this graceful quatrain:

"O Land of the Isles in the ocean afar,
O lovers of symbols—of Beauty, of Worship, of Love!
The symbol we choose you (launching a strong ship of war);
A maid shall release to you Peace in the form of a dove."

—*Northwestern Christian Advocate.*

---

Man may content himself with the applause of the world, and the homage paid his intellect; but woman's heart has holier idols.—*George Eliot.*

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We always know everything when it serves no purpose and the seal of the irreparable has been set upon events.—*Theophile Gautier.*

# The Liberal Congress.

*Hospitable to all forms of thought: Everyone Responsible for His Own.*

---

## The Expanding Soul.

Disorganized and rude, and half inane,
Was life's dull turmoil in a torpid brain,
Ere love had come to clear the heavy eye,
And warm the heart with undreamed ecstasy—
To lift the sullen soul with joy serene
Amid the heights of God's supreme demesne;
To trample brute desire amid the dust,
And swell the heart-beats with diviner trust;
For dark was light in life's forgotten hour,
And wrong was right when truth bent low to power,
And day was night when self to self could cower:

Till the brute looked in on himself in dismay,
And felt that his soul shriveled into its shell;
Till the brute looked out on the waste of his way,
And longed with a longing he could not tell.
Then out of his longing was born a loving
For the soul that was not his own,—
And he sought for the soul in the world alone,
Till lo, when he found what he loved, it had flown,
And the world was dark, and his way was drear.
With his heart encumbered with doubt and with fear,—
From the brute to the man he had grown!

The love grew great at his heart's hot core,
And it burst from the bonds that had held it before;
For the soul that he loved was the soul of the whole,
Of the murmuring, marvelous, mystical soul
That trembled through life with the throbbing of death,—
With the throbbing and sobbing and sighing of death—
For thus sang the voice of the sorrowing soul:

Through all eternity,
Only fraternity
Ever can bind us.
Whoso shall find us
Wending the waste alone,
Far from our common home,—
He shall remind us.

Thus sang the soul in the sweet, still night,
And from every star in the azure height,
While the air rang loud with the wild delight,
Was leveled an arrowy line of light,
That fell on the soul as his song took flight,—
On the soul that had shattered the sorrows of night!

CHARLES A. KEELER.

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## The Theology of Goethe.

Poets are not often great philosophers, but they are frequently great teachers. Embodying their thoughts in language which strikes the imagination, capable of presenting it in endless variety of form, representing it in the action of ideal creations destined to live when they themselves have passed away, they insinuate their ideas into the public mind, and to a far greater extent than we know, mold the opinions and beliefs of men. This is emphatically true of Goethe, whose fecundity of genius made him not only the idol of Germany, but almost apotheosized him in the veneration of the world. No poet has more men worshiping at his shrine, unless it be Shakespeare, and not even he has had so deep a religious influence on those who have dipped their cups in his limpid stream.

Goethe was early keenly alive to the enigmas of existence. In childhood he received religious impressions which affected him deeply. At ten he learns portions of Klopstock's "Messiah," and is aroused by the sublimity of the theme. Later he studies Hebrew and reads the Old Testament. At fourteen he writes religious odes and songs. The mysticism of Fraulein von Klettenberg greatly charms him. He is attracted by the earnest piety

of the Moravians, and contemplates joining them. He receives Herder with enthusiasm, studies the authorship of the gospels, and disdains the frivolous mockery of Voltaire. He reads the sermons of Lavater and calls him "the best, the greatest, the wisest, the profoundest of men." But the while he is religiously dissatisfied and restless, and returns from Leipsic with throbbing brain and aching heart. He takes up cabalistic theosophical studies, and seeks light in the alchemist's laboratory. His gropings are well expressed by the lips of Faust:

> Where shall I grasp thee, Infinite Nature, where?
> Ye breasts, ye fountains of all life, whereon
> Hang heaven and earth, from which the blighted soul
> Yearneth to draw sweet solace, still ye roll
> Your sweet and fostering tides—where are ye—where?

The more he studies Christianity the less does he like it. He is full of life—a bursting fountain. Nature to him is glorious; the world is full of song. He rejoices in himself, in the effervescence of his genius. He cannot stand the restraints of a system like that of Christianity, which holds life down to law and asks for self-abnegation. Especially does he hate its doctrine of sin. His religious interests are superficial, intellectual and not deeply moral ones. He ceases to reverence religion, casts aside his pious friends, declares, "I am satiated with the history of the good Jesus," and says he finds a thousand books as good as the bible. He calls himself a pagan and writes to Herder: "Owing to the fable of Christ the world will still remain plunged in darkness for ten thousand years." In later life he was less violent, but scarcely more Christian, although delivering some beautiful eulogies on Christ and the gospels.

In revelation Goethe did not believe except in the sense that everything that pleased him was a revelation of God. Nature was his divinity. As a poet he reveled in her endless variety and changing forms. He saw in her a creative energy and freedom of impulse which suited his prodigal self-indulgence. He eulogized the picture of Christ in the gospels, and followed it with the paradoxical statement: "that it is equally according to his nature to worship the sun as the mightiest visible revelation of God for his children of the earth; that he adored in the sun the light and generative powers by which we live and move and have our being." Christ is to him such a revelation of God as the sun is—the one in conduct and the other in physical energy. The inner worth of a thing tells the story of its divinity, and this is as true of the bible as anything else. As for the historical credibility of the gospels he said he was not concerned, because everything that was true attested itself by its inner value. In this way Plato, Shakespeare and all the great voices of literature occupy equal place and dignity with the scriptures. "I find a thousand books as good as the Bible." "Moses, prophet, evangelist, apostle, Spinoza or Macchiavelli—to every one of them I can say: 'Dear friend, your case is just the same as mine; your sensations are vigorous and splendid with regard to particulars; the whole could not get into your head any more than mine.'"

His doctrine of God was a pantheistic naturalism. He acknowledged the limitations of reason in dealing with such a subject: "What can our narrow notions," he asks, "tell of the highest being?" Again, he says: "Bliss, heart, love, God, I have no name for it—'tis feeling all. Name is but sound and smoke, shrouding the glow of heaven." All anthropomorphic representations of the infinite he detested. What we know of God must come to us through nature. He was attracted by Spinoza, and speaks of seeing "God in nature, nature in God, without break or interruption." An abstract God his realistic mind did not want. Talk about spirit was to him vapor. The God he wanted must pulse in every blade and flower, in every cloud and wave of sea; it must be the universal energy circulating everywhere and producing the forms of beauty in which his poetic eyes reveled. He claimed the views men have of God were too small for him. He attacked the doctrine of providence with strong protest, telling us as a child he believed in an ear to hear his complaint, and a heart to sympathize, but that the true thought is, "Physician, heal thyself." A man had best lean on himself. For sin Goethe had no place. He said that what had driven him from Christianity more than anything else was its doctrine of the moral corruption of humanity. It has been correctly said: "Goethe was Pelagian." He believed that nature was good and all its impulses healthy and sound. Hence he spared himself no indulgence, and felt no shock of conscience over his transgressions. His Hellenistic mind and excessive optimism would give no ear to what he regarded as the "pessimistic asceticism" of the Christian doctrine of evil. The atonement of Christ had an attractive feature. It meant renewal, health, "the conquest of fear by love," "of division from God by blessedness in God."

Concerning Christ he says: "Am I asked if I am in the habit of showing to Christ a respect mixed with adoration—I answer: Absolutely, yes." But he also complains that Lavater wants to find in a single man, Christ, an individual who can satisfy him. "One thing only I can not but think unjust and indeed a robbery unworthy of your good cause, that you pluck out all the fine feathers of the thousand birds of heaven, as if they had stolen them, and adorn your bird of paradise alone with all of them. This can not fail to vex us and to seem to us intolerable, since we are used to put ourselves to school to every truth revealed through men to men."

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## The Rainfall Follows the Plow.

I heard a farmer talk one day,
Telling his listeners how
In the wild, new country far away,
The rainfall follows the plow.

"As fast as they break it up, you see,
And turn the heart to the sun,
As they open the furrows deep and free
And the tillage is begun,

"The earth grows mellow more and more;
It holds and sends to the sky
A moisture it never had before,
When its face was hard and dry.

"And so, wherever the plowshares run,
The clouds run overhead:
And the soil that works and lets in the sun,
With water is always fed."

I wonder if ever that farmer knew
The half of his simple word,
Or guessed the message, that, heavenly true,
Within it was hidden and heard.

It fell on my ear by chance that day,
But the gladness lingers now,
To think it is always God's dear way
That the rainfall follows the plow.

—*Exchange.*

# Correspondence.

Editor of THE NEW UNITY:—In the last issue of THE NEW UNITY the church at Fort Collins, Colo., is referred to as "the new Unitarian church." This is an error. Though named "Unity" the church is not Unitarian in the sense of being a part of that denomination. In adopting the name "Unity," our chief object was to unite all on a common platform of usefulness and helpfulness—Unity in seeking to build up the church of humanity, the church of truth and service, of love and mutual help. Our platform is as follows:

*Object.*—"To develop the church of humanity, democratic in organization, progressive in spirit, aiming at the development of pure and high character, hospitable to all forms of thought, cherishing the spiritual traditions and experiences of the past, but keeping itself open to all new light and the higher developments of the future."

*Bond of Union.*—"Love is the spirit of the church, and service is its law. This is our covenant: To dwell together in peace, to seek the truth in love, and to help one another."

In our constitution it is stated that for the purpose of securing sympathy and aid to accomplish our object, "it is hereby declared to be the desire of the members to affiiated with the general convention of the Universalist church." Though not of the Unitarian fold, and affiliated with the Universalist, Unity church proposes to live on friendly terms with all who are anxious to help establish truth, righteousness, and love in the world. Cherishing all the good the past has to give, it will keep itself open to all new light and the higher developments of the future. GEO. N. FALCONER.

Fort Collins, Colo.

## The Coming People.

Will the editor of THE NEW UNITY kindly permit me to call more particularly the attention of the many readers of UNITY to Charles F. Dole's new book, "The Coming People." Mr. Dole is one of the most clear-headed, large-hearted and persuasive writers on the life and problems of our own and coming days. He is author of "The Golden Rule in Business," and of "The American Citizen."

"The Coming People" advances him to the front of our writers on the method of God in the physical world, and in human history when these two vast fields of life, thought, and investigation are conjoined in respect of the social destiny of man. The book is written in such simplicity and clearness of style and language and illustration, that the boys and girls of our high schools can read it with understanding and eagerness, while it as well addresses itself to men and women of the strongest minds and highest culture.

It aims to show who the coming people will be and by what route they will arrive. Nay, more, it points to some who blazed the way in times remote and near, to some who now are here, and to others in sight—all these as the pledge and forerunners of the advancing hosts who will come to enter upon their inheritance as sons and daughters of God.

In my opinion, no more helpful and inspiring book, no more broadly and profoundly social-religious book, has appeared in the century now closing. It is opportune in appearing just before a new century begins, being at once reflection and proof of the ever-cumulative light of the last one hundred years, and shining like a star of the first magnitude standing out afar in the heavens over-arching the next evolving hundred years of social progress.

It is a book to take hold of the mind and heart of that ever-increasing body of men and women who are vexed with the present and impending problems of social, industrial, and religious conditions. It is not a large book, and costs only one dollar. But its author and publishers should put it into a very much cheaper edition, that its sale may be in thousands on thousands, and not hundreds merely. It should rival the sale of "Quo Vadis" and "Robert Elsmere," for it is "Good Tidings," which the waiting world still stands on tiptoe with hand to ear, to hear—the tidings these two famous books, in most seemingly unlike and opposite ways, so brilliantly set forth. For, strange as it may seem at first, "Quo Vadis" and "Robert Elsmere" depict the same struggle at bottom of the same spirit, life, and truth, seeking to go forth in the first instance, and to come forth anew in the second; to save and bless our common humanity. "Quo Vadis" tells of the horrors amid which the reign of peace on earth, good will to men, began. "Robert Elsmere" depicts the doubts and profound struggles of the modern mind and heart in emancipating themselves from the dogmas, traditions, and contracting forms, social, political, and ecclesiastical, which have bound the wings of reason and love so long, and silenced the voices of universal hope and glad tidings to all people with a social wail of seeming hopelessness under a present and impending fate of damnation.

"The Coming People" may not inappropriately be called the sequel of these two striking productions of Henryk Sienkiewicz and Mrs. Ward. It is the voice of triumphant strength—the strength of goodness in virile manhood and womanhood. It shows the clouds lifting and the streaming light of a Divine Universe falling on the ways of man.

It is a book to be read by ministers, lawyers, physicians, scientists, judges, legislators, politicians, statesmen, teachers of every order, reformers, editors, merchants, bankers, manufacturers, capitalists, workmen, farmers, office-holders and seekers, young men and women in schools, colleges, universities, club men and women, rich and poor, pessimists and optimists, parents, and sons and daughters. For it certainly is a book with something lifting, hopeful, stimulating, and broadening in mind and life for every class I have named.

Fargo, N. D. RICHMOND FISK.

## The Davenport Dedication.

The dedication of the new parish building of the Unitarian Society of Davenport, Ia., lasted four days. Sunday morning at 9:45 a.m., Jan. 30th, the series opened with services by the Sunday-school. These consisted of an impressive responsive service, a happy address by Rev. A. W. Gould, and the dedication, read responsively by minister

and school. About five hundred people attended this service, three hundred of them being present or recent members of the school. By 11 o'clock the church, which had seats placed for five hundred people, was well filled, and the services began by a responsive service between the minister and choir. The reading followed, by Rev. M. J. Miller, prayer by Rev. J. Vila Blake, congratulations by Rev. A. W. Gould, sermon by Rev. Mary A. Safford, and statement of the building committee by Mr. Judy, the services closing with an impressive dedication between minister and people. Hymns were written for the occasion by Rev. F. L. Hosmer and Rev. Chas. Perkins.

In the evening the church was well filled again. Mr. Hosmer preached a noble sermon on "The Soul's Cry to God," and Mr. Blake and Miss Hultin nobly emphasized the thought of the sermon in supplementary addresses.

Monday evening a smaller, but well-repaid congregation listened to addresses by Rev. A. G. Wilson, of Decorah, and Rev. T. P. Byrnes, of Geneseo. Tuesday evening was devoted to the dedication of the social rooms. Some three hundred persons sat down to the bountiful supper and listened to a programme of music and speaking which is seldom excelled. Wednesday evening came the dedication of Unity Hall to its cultural uses. It was made an occasion for fellowship among the cultural societies of the city. There was singing by the Ladies' Harmonie Society and the Turner Society, and playing by representatives of the Music Students' Club and Strasser's orchestra. Then came Mr. Jones' address, one of the most uplifting and powerful he has delivered in his long career of stirring addresses. Monday afternoon a goodly congregation gathered to hear and discuss Mr. Wilson's paper on "A Co-operative World Religion," and Wednesday another good-sized afternoon audience listened to and discussed with eagerness Miss Gordon's paper on "The Religious Method of Social Reform." Tuesday forenoon and afternoon there were meetings of the Board of Trustees of the Iowa Association.

Such was the order of service for this memorable four days' meeting, a meeting eminently satisfactory to the members of the society, and of notable influence upon the community. It was largely attended by members of other churches and no churches, and although the utterances were in all cases distinctly in line with the great things for which the church stands, they were so fundamentally applicable to all human needs, that perhaps not a word was said at which those of other households of faith would take umbrage. So possible is it for a great faith to be uttered to the help of all. The attendance from neighboring Unitarian churches was good, and while no special effort was made to raise money, over $500 were secured by collections and subscriptions, thereby enabling the society to pay all debts except the $4,000 borrowed from the Loan Fund. Nothing during the whole dedication gave the people greater satisfaction than the check for $100, sent from Unity Church, St. Louis, a return, with royal interest, of the contribution sent to them from the Davenport parish at the time of the destruction of their church. The press of the city gave exceptionally fine reports of the meetings, and printed five of the sermons and addresses in full. Truly, it was a season of triumph, but it was a triumph richly deserved by the society, for they have worked hard, given generously, and acted through all the stress and strain with memorable unanimity and good will. Deep down in a past of thirty years, every passage of which has been with honor, were laid the roots which at length brought forth this goodly fruit. All honor to a society which can live and toil as this has lived and toiled and all thanks to a community which will share so graciously its hour of triumph, and to friends who but speak the noble word for the great occasion! *The Daily Democrat* gives the following description of the new building:

The new parish building of the Unitarian Society, at the corner of Tenth and Perry streets, is a structure which those who are responsible in even the slightest measure for its erection may well regard with a feeling of pride. It is an institution, rather than an ecclesiastical building—adapted to varied uses and destined to fill an important place in the social and intellectual, as well as religious sphere, and to become a decided factor in the lifting of humanity to higher planes of thought and action. The structure was designed by Architect G. A. Hanssen, and follows colonial lines of architecture throughout, directing the mind back through the traditions of the church to the founders of the liberal church in sturdy New England.

Entering from the Perry street or main entrance of the building, one has on his right hand the parlor, where are held the small gatherings, committee meetings, teachers' meetings, and so on. The Unity Club meets here. At one's left is that essential of the modern church, which nowhere has greater reputation than it has won for the Unitarian ladies—the kitchen. It has a gas and coal range, and a full equipment in all essential lines.

To the west of the hallway is the social room of the church—a room in the shape of a Greek cross. It is the dining-room on all special occasions, such as the annual church fair. There the members of the church meet regularly, with their friends, on the last Friday of each month, for tea, and a social good time. Nowhere in the church is the colonial idea adhered to with better effect than in this room, the light of whose open hearth would mellow the most taciturn of natures and mesmerize the misanthropy into temporary forgetfulness and a game of "blind man's buff."

Folding doors divide this social room from Unity Hall, the main room, 41x68 feet in dimension, on the lower floor. On occasion the two spacious rooms can be thrown into one of some 700 seating capacity. Unity Hall is two stories in height, has excellent acoustic properties, is given a seating capacity of some 500 by a spacious balcony that reinforces its auditorium, and will prove excellently adapted to lectures, concerts, amateur theatricals, and large social parties. Its use will be by no means limited to the members of the Unitarian Society. Its twenty windows of opalescent glass were furnished by the ladies of the Harmonie chorus, one of them being fittingly inscribed to the memory of their late director, Prof. Cramer.

The church auditorium is on the second floor of the building, is handsomely finished in light blue and white, the pews of quarter-sawed oak and the most comfortable make. Its seating capacity is helped by a balcony and runs up to 500.

A. M. J.

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## A Clever Cat.

In the Treasury department at Washington there is one very wonderful cat. His name is Tom, and when addressed he will quickly respond, even waking out of a sound sleep to go toward the speaker. Sometimes to confuse him, the clerks will sing out some word or words in which the syllable "tom" is emphasized and to that he pays no attention. But let anyone call "Tom, it's dinner time!" and forthwith he walks across the room, reaches up with his paws to a tin pail, claws it down, and comes bringing it in his mouth. Tom is passionately fond of music. At the cry of hand-organ! he climbs to a high window seat; but at the words "Here's a dog!" he slinks under a desk.

# The Word of the Spirit.

*"Get thee up into the high mountain; lift up thy voice with strength: be not afraid*

## The Heavenly Vision.

MARION D. SHUTTER, MINNEAPOLIS.

*"I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision."*—Acts xxvi:9.

You will readily recall the circumstances. Paul was on his way to Damascus, when suddenly a light shone round about him, and a voice spoke to him from the intense brightness. A new mission was marked out for him from that transcendent hour. Explain this vision as we may, empty it of the crude notions of the supernatural it seems to contain, it was yet an experience that turned into a new direction the whole course of Paul's life. It revealed him to himself in his true character as a persecutor.

He supposed he had been doing God service; that sword and dungeon were proper instruments for carrying on the Almighty's work. Thus he excused his cruelty on the ground of a divine necessity. He was trying to honor God by hating men; trying to fit himself for heaven by turning earth into a hell. Too much of that same spirit has there been in the world. How many have held that the best way to correct erroneous opinions was to kill the person who held them—that the only safe heretic was the dead one! Paul saw clearly the enormity of such a course, in that experience on the Damascus road! "I am Jesus whom thou persecutest." It was the Great Master Himself, in the person of His disciples, whom Paul had been sending to fetters and to martyrdom!

But this vision not only showed Paul what he really was, how wrong his career; it summoned him to a new life. It changed him completely. In that exalted moment, life took on a new and more beautiful aspect, a higher chord was struck, and a nobler music began to play. A new ideal of manhood was flashed before him. He gave his allegiance to a brighter leader than he ever yet had followed. The cross, banner of a new cause, flamed before his eyes in that supreme moment, and he followed it ever after to victory. At the very last he could exclaim: "I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth, there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness." It was then his joy and his comfort that he had not been disobedient unto that heavenly vision which had turned the road to Damascus into a highway of God!

### I.

### The Heavenly Vision: Its Modern Equivalents.

Is there anything that corresponds with this vision to-day? Can we translate this ancient incident into modern phrase? What, for us, is the great light shining from the skies? What, for us, is the heavenly vision? Old forms of expression may pass away, but spiritual facts remain.

The heavenly vision is the awakening of the soul to its higher possibilities and purposes. It is anything that fills the soul with new ambitions, brings higher aims before it, or reveals unexpected sources of strength. It is any experience of the soul which lifts it out of the commonplace, out of the routine, out of the low and sordid, making it hear the call of a higher duty and catch sight of a nobler goal. It is that which shifts the center from self to higher self, from self to humanity and God.

1. This heavenly vision may come in the *hour of temptation*, strengthening the soul for its hottest battles.

Of Wendell Phillips, it is related that, one day, after hearing Dr. Lyman Beecher preach, he repaired to his room, threw himself on the floor, and cried: "Oh, God, I belong to Thee. Take what is thine own. I ask this: that, whenever a thing is wrong, it may have no power of temptation over me, and whenever a thing be right, it may take no courage to do it." Mr. Phillips observed, in the later years of life, "I have never found anything that impressed me as being wrong, exerting any temptation over me, nor has it required any courage on my part to do whatever I believed to be right." In other words, in that supreme hour he passed through Paul's experience on the Damascus road. The glory and dignity of the right, the beauty and worth of the good, flashed before his inner vision, and he prayed for strength to follow and obey. His moral nature conquered and subjugated his lower self. The angel triumphed over the animal. He beheld the heavenly vision of righteousness and truth; he heard the voice from heaven, and he was not disobedient!

2. It may come in a call to leave some line of work that would be pleasant and agreeable, and to take some harder and more UNWELCOME TASK; perchance the cause of the poor and degraded, of those who have no helper.

Whittier, in his poem on Charles Sumner, thus describes the call of that distinguished man to his life-work:

> No trumpet sounded in his ear,
> He saw not Sinai's cloud and flame;
> But never yet to Hebrew seer
> A clearer voice of duty came.
>
> God said: "Break thou these yokes. Undo
> These heavy burdens. I ordain
> A work to last thy whole life through—
> A ministry of toil and pain.
>
> Forego thy dreams of lettered ease,
> Put thou the scholar's promise by;
> The rights of men are more than these!"
> He heard and answered: "Here am I!"

There are those to-day, who, with wealth and culture that would give them any position in society, are deliberately turning aside from the paths that lead to the world's highest places, and are fixing their dwellings in the slums of our great cities, that they may give their lives to the uplifting of the submerged masses. Our college and social settlements are the outgrowth of this spirit. It is the path traveled by that great example of Sacrifice, who humbled himself, and whom, therefore, God hath exalted and given the name above every name. That name is Love. And it is a title that may be won by all who share the spirit of the Master.

> Wherever thro' the ages rise
> The altars of self-sacrifice;
> There love its arms has opened wide,
> Or man for man has calmly died,—
> I see the same white wings outspread
> That hovered o'er the Master's head.

3. The heavenly vision may also come in the summons to enter *higher regions of religious thought.*

Frederick W. Robertson, of fragrant memory, while repeating old formularies of religion, was almost driven into utter negation and despair. They

failed to satisfy him. The words of the creed lost their meaning. He could no longer conscientiously repeat them. He knew not what the end would be. The solid ground was giving way beneath him, and he was on the point of renouncing the ministry. At length, he heard the voice of a new truth calling him from the valley to the heights. The traditional doctrines in which he had been schooled dropped away, and Christianity took on nobler and more beautiful shapes. There came to him more helpful and inspiring views of Christ than those which made his life and work a mechanical substitution; more rational views of the Bible than those which made it the soulless transcript of amanuenses. He preached the new revelation only to be stigmatized as a heretic by his own people,—to live ever after under the suspicion of his brethren in the ministry; to be subjected to the petty annoyances of those souls who have just religion enough to be disagreeable, and just zeal enough to persecute; but, at the same time, he lived to become a guiding star to multitudes!

4. The heavenly vision may come in some *dream of beauty* that holds forth over the drudgery of our routine work, the brush of the artist, or the harp of the poet.

In a little western farm-house, years ago, lived two sisters who keenly felt the poverty of their humdrum life. What could they do so far removed from all that could help them? They resolved to use every opportunity, to spend every spare minute in reading and writing. A practical stepmother had come into the house, and she refused them candles for their evenings. Nothing daunted, however, they used saucers of lard with rags for wicks, and thus, for ten years, wrote and studied without encouragement, for there was a heavenly vision floating over that homely farmhouse. The purpose to be felt and heard persisted, and one day Alice and Phoebe Cary awoke and found themselves famous, giving to the world such poems as "An Order for a Picture," and "One Sweetly Solemn Thought."

Not long ago died Sidney Lanier—all too soon—a young southern poet of great promise, who thus describes, in a letter to his father, his own experience: "Think how, for twenty years, through poverty, through pain, through weariness and through sickness, through the uncongenial atmosphere of a farcical college, of a bare army, and then of an exacting business life, through all the discouragement of being wholly unacquainted with literary people and literary ways; I say, think how, in spite of these depressing circumstances, and of a thousand more which I could enumerate, those two figures of Music and of Poetry have steadily kept in my heart, so that I could not banish them."

Thus, in many ways, may the heavenly vision come to us, as real and as true as that which Paul beheld on his way to Damascus. As some one has sung:

> The thoughts of beauty dawning on the soul
> Are glorious heaven-gleams;
> And God's eternal truth lies folded deep
> In all man's lofty dreams.

In whatever shape it may appear to us, whatever form it may take, whatever high aim it may set before us, whatever tasks it may invite us to attempt, —let us always be able to say with Paul: "I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision."

## II.

### The Heavenly Vision: The Divinely Ordained Means of Progress.

How does the world advance? What lifts the commonplace to higher levels? What takes the race from the old circle and starts it up the spiral ascent? Some provision has been made against stagnation: what is it? It is the heavenly vision, in some form, that lures us on,—the heavenly vision as the suggestion of something beyond, of something better,—of higher possibilities in thought and life and achievement.

1. It thus becomes the *goal of aspiration.*

In everything there is an intimation of something higher. In every thought there is the promise of a nobler thought; in every word, the promise of a better word; in every deed, the suggestion of a grander deed. Our word is no sooner spoken than we feel how inadequate it is; our deed looks poor and shriveled the moment it is done. "I can do better," is the conviction of every earnest soul; "I will do better," its resolve. Sometimes the walls and pinnacles of magnificent palaces rise over the desert before the traveler. When he reaches the place where they first appeared, the spires are glittering far beyond. So, over life's weary desert glitter the walls and pinnacles of tasks that are yet to be attempted,—grander than any we have accomplished. Thorwalsden wept over the work that satisfied him, for he felt that his genius had departed. "Cursed is he who has no balked ambitions," is the story of Arne,—a terrible malediction! Terrible—why? Because he who has no plans beyond what he has wrought, is but a pillar of salt looking back over a sea of death! "Persuade a man," says one, "that it is not worth while to lift up his banner higher than he has done, and he will forget how to write great poems, how to sing sweet songs. He will shape no new philosophies, he will make no new discoveries." It is the light of the ideal thrown before our feet that reveals new pathways and better ones in which we may walk.

What do we mean by inspiration but the seeing of this heavenly vision and the impulse to realize it? There are, indeed, elect prophets who hear the voices of God more distinctly, who perceive His will more clearly, who realize human possibilities more definitely. Through them others also are helped to see and hear. But just as it would have made a difference in the world, if such men as Paul and Luther had been unfaithful, so will it make a difference when each humbler man is unfaithful. Be false to your light, and others are blinded. The only way to help this world onward is for each one to be obedient to the heavenly vision as it is revealed to him. Be faithful to your light. Your life is meant to accomplish something that no other life can accomplish. It will make a difference whether you find and do that thing, or not.

> Think truly, and thy thought
> Shall the world's famine feed;
> Live truly, and thy life
> Shall be a great and noble creed.

2. The heavenly vision is a *measure of character.*

(1.) We are not to be estimated so much by the actual as we are by the ideal. The crude, imperfect, outward deed is all the world can see; but it

does not see the shining target of which the arrow fell so short. Our aims and ambitions are the true standards. "It is not what man does that exalts him, but what man would do." The veriest wreck is to be measured thus. I can imagine one whose life has apparently eventuated in moral vein; but who knows how many gleams of light flash from the skies beyond? The wretch who was, perhaps, but yesterday picked from the gutter and tumbled into the patrol wagon may, in his lucid moments, yet catch glimpses of the beatific vision. He may have striven against what temptations,—God only knows! What bitterness of remorse may fill his waking hours! Let us measure him still by his resistance and remorse! Let us believe that over him still shines the star of some celestial influence, whose rays may at last draw him back to his better and nobler self!

In speaking of the ideal, I do not mean idle and fruitless dreaming, listless folding of the hands. These higher scenes must hover over fields of toil. Only as one is faithful and lives up to the light he has, shall he see fuller and clearer light. A picture from actual life that I once beheld lingers with me. Across the open country were men at work in a field. Just beyond them a river, with trees on its banks, flashed in the evening light. Above the low hills, over which a blue mist was gathering, the declining sun was closing the day in triumph,—in pomp of gold and purple and crimson banners, to begin a new career of glory beyond the horizon. It is a symbol of the whole story. While we toil here upon the brink of the great river, "on this bank and shoal of time," the hills crowned with light are before us. The crimson banners of the great God move us to new achievements. Only our labor is light!

(2.) The heavenly vision arraigns us. It faces down all excuses. We may argue when we have departed from the right, that we could not help it, that really it was the best thing to do. We may put in extenuating clauses,—the temptation was so great, and all that miserable special pleading that we know so well, but the conviction remains: That *was duty*, and I disregarded it; that was a heavenly vision, and I was disobedient!

There is a story which I have abridged from Jerome K. Jerome, in illustration. Once upon a time there lived a poor boy who loved to wander by himself and think and dream all day. Something within kept whispering to his childish heart that he had deeper lessons to apprehend than his schoolmates had. Ever amid the babel of the swarming city would he hear strange, silent voices speaking to him as he walked, telling him of work that would one day be entrusted to his hands,—the work of God such as is given only a very few to do; the work of helping God's children in this world, making them stronger, truer, higher, and in some dimly-lighted corner where, for a moment, they were alone, he would stand and raise his boyish hands to heaven, and thank God for this great promised gift of noble usefulness. So the years passed away and he became a man. His labor lay ready to his hand. But then a foul demon came and tempted him,—the demon that has tempted many better men before, and will kill many a great man yet,—the demon of *Worldly Success*. And the demon whispered evil words into his ear; and—God forgive him—he listened. "Of what good to you, think you, it will be,—your writing mighty truths and noble thoughts? What will the world pay for them? What has ever been the reward of the world's greatest teachers and poets, the men who have given their lives to the best service of mankind, but neglect, scorn, and poverty?" And the demon prevailed over him and he fell. The spirit of the prophet departed from him; he grew into a clever huckster, a mere tradesman, whose only desire was to discover the public taste that he might pander to it. "Only tell me what it is you like," he would cry in his heart, "that I may write it for you, good people. Will you have again the old lies? Do you still love the old and outworn formulas of life?—the rotten weeds of evil thoughts that keep the fresh air from the flowers? Shall I sing again to you the childish twaddle that you have heard millions of times before? Shall I defend for you the wrong and call it right? Shall I stab truth in the back for you, or praise it? Only tell me what you want me to show you, what you wish me to think and say, that I may get your pence and your plaudits."

Thus he became rich and famous and great, as the demon promised; and he would have been as happy as such things can make a man,—only that, at the bottom of his desk there lay a little pile of faded manuscript, written in a boyish hand, that would speak to him of the memory of a poor lad, who once paced the city's foot-worn stones, dreaming of no other greatness than that of being one of God's messengers to men; and who had died and been buried long—long ago!

The day when we abandon our moral ideas,—whatever reward may be held out as the price of desertion, whatever position or power may be offered to pay for the apostasy,—the day when we deliberately turn away from and prove disobedient to the heavenly vision, will be a day of terror and darkness and death,—a day that will be black with the midnight of despair and lurid with the lightnings of remorse!

We all know this. If I stood here to proclaim the gospel of worldliness, the gospel of self-seeking, the gospel of greed and of gain, you would not tolerate it. You know better. If I exhorted men to grasp for the greatest material prizes,—if I said, "Get rich at all hazards; build your monument of success upon your own ruined honor and upon the wrongs of others,"—you would, in your heart of hearts, turn away from the message, and rightly you would say: "The message of the preacher is not from God!" You would say, "We look to him to keep high ideals before us, and to give us what inspiration he may to help us achieve them." We may call all talk about the ideal sentiment and vaporing—till we state the case the other way; and then we see that instead of sentiment and haze of many colors, it is the solidest of all realities,—the very subtance of the universe!

## III.

### The Heavenly Vision: A Source of Encouragement.

It is the one thing that cheers us on amid all our discouragements and disappointments, the one thing that makes it seem worth while to begin again, even when we are standing amid the ruins

of our proudest plans and the failures of our fondest hopes.

Keep your ideals. Keep them high and bright. They shone before us in youth; but in mature life we sometimes allow them to become dim. Contact with the worst and most selfish side of life, depreciated standards in business and society,—these tarnish them too often!

Keep them high and bright in spite of failure, frequent and humiliating,—in spite of defeat and disaster. They are not false lights that lead us nowhere; they are not malign spirits that lure us to destruction. They are flashes from heaven, gleams of the eternal light that will lead us at last to Him "in whom is no darkness at all!"

## Quo Vadis.

FROM A SERMON BY CELIA PARKER WOOLLEY, IN THE INDEPENDENT LIBERAL CHURCH, JANUARY 30, 1898.

The interest in this popular novel is two-fold, and springs from the story itself, the personal character and fortunes of the main characters there portrayed and from the historic picture there drawn, the contrast between the corrupt and decaying regime of pagan Rome under the last of the Cæsars, and the new, rising faith of Christianity. In the story an interest is centered upon the figure of the hero, Vinicius. The author shows us here "the development of a soul," which Browning tells us is alone worth study. Under the influence of his love for Leggia we note the sharp moral struggle of the man, his complete regeneration, the birth of a new man, in fact. Vinicius is presented to us at first as the typical Roman hero, the bravery and valor of the soldier wedded to the fierce pride of the patrician, born, as he thinks, with an indisputable right to rule. He is not without the virtues that belong to his birth and training, but he is cruel and lustful, the slave of his own passions. On the physical side he is a splendid human animal. His body has been trained and cosseted to the utmost physical grace and strength, but he is wholly empty of conscience and spiritual insight. His love for Leggia is a gross desire of the flesh, the lust of the eye. As he grows in understanding of her nature we see this love change and repine into something much nobler and more enduring, losing nothing of its first intensity. He learns to respect the innate womanhood which holds his rude passions in check and teaches him a truer way of loving. He no longer takes pleasure in whipping his slaves, but mercy and tenderness begin to grow in his breast. Is this transformation due most to the human love or to the change of creed? It would seem that the author meant to say it was the latter. He has painted his picture in colors of such sharp contrast that the book loses, we are compelled to think, in critical acumen and historical accuracy. All the pagans are bad people, and all the bad people are pagans; while all the virtue, generosity and human worth in the book are piled on the Christian side. Do the facts in the case warrant this? Bad as Rome was under the Cæsars, with its great dives of luxury, cruelty and sensuality, was it much or any worse than under the Christian rule of the Borgias and the Medicis fifteen centuries later? Has paganism a worse record of crime and folly than the Church of Christ, grown to power, the institutionalized faith of mediæval Europe? Was the pagan persecution of Christians more wicked or revolting than the later persecutions of Christians by Christians in the time of a Philip of Spain, a Duke of Alva, or a Bloody Mary? The spirit of religious tolerance grew slowly during all these years; the fires of religious bigotry were hard to extinguish; the moral of these fires is found even in our own land of freedom. Our Puritan forefathers were a godly set of men, though they hung witches and whipped Quakers.

"Pagan" or "heathen" are terms of simple natural origin, connected with terms of reproach. Both describe the uninstructed man of the country living apart from the more populous centers, and therefore slower to adopt new ideas. "Christianity" was also in its origin a term of reproach. We make it one still whenever we use it to separate men, to elevate one class or creed above another—all that is good in Christianity belonged first, and belongs more truly to humanity. Every type of faith has its true place and meaning in the development of man, and no one alone can procure his final redemption from error and sin. It is as members of one common human family we derive our chief strength, power and inspiration.

## The Brothers.

In a dim-litten room
I saw a weaver plying at his loom
That ran as swiftly as an iterant rhyme;
And lo! the workman at the loom was Time
Weaving the web of Life.
'Twas parti-colored, wrought of Peace and Strife;
And through the warp thereof
Shot little golden threads of Joy and Love.
And one stood by whose eyes were brimmed with tears,
Poising the mighty shears
Wherewith, when seemed the weaver's will at ebb,
He cut the wondrous web.

Time weaves and weaves; and his dark brother, he
Will one day cut the web for you and me.

Clinton, N. Y. —*Clinton Scollard, in the Independent.*

"Well, little chap," said the stranger in the family, picking up one of the children, "what are you going to be when you 're a man?"

"Nuffin," said the child.

"Nothing? Why so?" asked the stranger.

"Because," said the child, "I 'm a little girl."

A little boy who had been blowing bubbles all the morning, tired of play, and, suddenly growing serious, said: "Read me that story about heaven; it's so gloriouth."

"I will," said the mother, "but first tell me, did you take the soap out of the water?"

"Oh, yeth, I'm pretty thure I did."

The mother read the description of the beautiful city, the streets of gold, the gates of pearl. He listened with delight, but when she came to the words "No one can enter there who loveth or maketh a lie," bounding up, he said: "I guess I'll go and thee about that thoap."

## Abraham Lincoln.

The cloudy sign, the fiery guide,
Along his pathway ran,
And Nature through his voice denied
The ownership of man.

We rest in peace where those sad eyes
Saw peril, strife and pain.
His was the nation's sacrifice,
And ours the priceless gain.

—*Whittier.*

# The Sunday School.

## The New World.

And it shall come to pass in years,
When men have crushed and stamped to earth
The creeds that severed men by fears,
That heaven will proclaim his birth—
New born with a deeper love.
No man shall then a stranger dwell,
Or lost 'mid men, an outcast move;
From heart to heart his spirit quell,

Linked each, by bonds that God has forged.
His voice shall then emit no cry,
His plea in all mankind's is merged;
No slight or ill his wants belie;
His path shall be a human plain,
And he, as all his kind, divine.
Good will and peace for man will reign,
"And every land a Palestine."

JOSEPH LEISER.

## Biographical Sunday-School Lessons.

One of the most interesting meetings yet held by the Chicago Union of Liberal Sunday-schools was that devoted to the subject of "Biographical Sunday-school Lessons." There has been a growing tendency, both in the east and in the west towards using a series of biographical character studies as a medium for conveying moral and religious lessons to pupils who are at the age where the study of individuals appeals to them strongly, when they are interested in real persons and their deeds, rather than stories of imaginary characters. Several teachers who have been using such lessons with considerable success, were present at the above-mentioned meeting, of which the secretary, Miss Alice L. Griggs, gives the following report:

The first paper on "Biographical Character Studies," was by Miss Emma Schoenman, of the South Side Sunday Ethical School. In the opinion of Miss Schoenman, the aim in biographical studies, as in other Sunday-school courses, should be to call forth admiration for courage, honesty, benevolence, patriotism, and other virtues, and so lead the young to love the good and hate the evil. Her plan had been to have ten or twelve in a class, ranging in age from twelve to fifteen. In the study of the various characters, an effort was made to follow the historical sequence as far as possible, and to give the proper historical setting. Where historical sequence was not violated, philanthropists, naturalists, or poets were introduced, following warriors. The subjects were assigned a week in advance, and the pupils brought to the class all the material possible. After the main points had been fixed there was a discussion of incidents, points of illustration, etc., which was followed by reproduction of the story of the life being studied. As much stress as possible was laid on the childhood of the characters, and, whenever possible, characters of other ages or countries were compared with those of our own time and country; as, for instance, William the Silent and George Washington. Miss Schoenman had found that, through affection for such a character as Peter Cooper, children receive a moral bias impossible from personal admonition; virtues and vices are made more striking by being brought into direct opposition, and children are stimulated to stand shoulder to shoulder with their heroes.

Miss Schoenman was followed by Mr. Albert Scheible, with a paper on "The Juvenile in Biographical Studies." Mr. Scheible had had his attention called to the juvenile phase of biographical studies by the results of a series of written questions and answers, tried by him in his class of boys and girls, averaging about twelve years in age. The results of this written work had been, on the whole, satisfactory, and had emphasized one point, viz., that the children most readily absorbed what was most closely related to their own lives, and consequently understood the childhood of the characters studied much better than their maturer years. He felt, therefore, that the teacher should outline the characters boldly, sketching the childhood as fully as possible, and spending less time on the period of maturity, leaving the moral, meanwhile, to work itself out in the child's mind.

In the discussion that followed, Mr. Gregory's question as to how Spinoza could be made interesting to children, was answered by Miss Leary, who said that the children were much interested in the sacrifice he made in taking up his residence in the Jewish quarter of the city and appreciated his incorruptibility. Mr. Johonnot, having misunderstood Mr. Schieble's account of the results of written questions and answers, questioned how much a Sunday-school lesson was worth to the average pupil, but was told that the answers quoted were exceptional, and that the results had been in the main satisfactory. Mr. Pierce thought it hardly fair to ask for results now, and felt that they would be more apparent in future years, since the work of the teacher is a seed-sowing. Mr. Vanderpoel confirmed this from personal experience, saying that the impressions made upon his mind by biographical character studies had been indelible. Miss Stafford felt that the greatest need of children was a high ideal in concrete examples. We might grow discouraged at the small results of our work, but it would be well to ask: "What if we did not give the children these talks and lessons? We must continue to give, with hope and faith." Miss Leary thought that we were all ennobled by our admiration of a something higher than ourselves in human form. Miss Wilcox felt that the personal equation could not be omitted. Any course of lessons was worth exactly the personality of the teacher, and, like the education of the grade schools, should be not a pouring in, but a developing. Miss Schoenman, being asked how many Sundays were devoted to a character, said that at least two Sundays were given to each character. In answer to the question as to whether all classes could use the same course, and whether it could be taken by the school as a whole, Mr. Schieble said that the course was best adapted to pupils of a particular age, and could be taken up to the best advantage in separate classes.

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"Why did you strike little Elsie, you naughty boy?"

"Well, what did she want to cheat for?"

"How did she cheat?"

"Why, we were playing at Adam and Eve, and she had the apple to tempt me with, and she never tempted me, but went and ate it all up herself."

# The Study Table.

## Beyond.

Beyond the lines of mortal sense,
The flowing tides of Providence
Waft onward every good desire
To sweet fulfillment. Through the fire
Of loss appear new promises,
And from decay new things arise.

EDSON B. RUSSELL.

On the whole, the best bit of local picture-drawing and history-writing that has been brought out by the holiday books is to be found near the close of "Diomed," the dog story, published by Lamson, Wolffe & Co. It is a picturesque and delicious affair, clear-cut, and well filled in. It is the history of Williamsburg, Virginia, the home of William and Mary College. The book would be a good investment, if it were only to get this inimitable blending of pathos, sarcasm, and poetry.

During the rush of holidays I could only note "Patrins," by Louise Imogen Guiney; so I laid it aside for leisure. And now I say that for those who love literature, pure and simple, who are fond of George Eliot's prose, and Sydney Smith and Lowell, here is something you will like. The first Patrin is, perhaps, best of all; on "The Harmless Scholar." It tells us, "Youth is the most inspiring thing on earth; but not the best to let loose, especially while it carries, swaggeringly, that most dangerous of all blunderbusses, knowledge, at half cock. The more noxious variety of student, however, is not young. He is in the midway of this, our mortal life; he is fearfully foraging, with intent to found and govern an academy; he runs in squads after Anglo-Saxon, or that blatant beast, inomparative mythology; he stops you on change to ask if one has not good grounds for believing that there was such a person as Pope Joan. In every contemplative-looking person he sees a worthy victim; and his kindling eye, as he bears down on you, precludes escape." A Patrin is "a handful of leaves of grass, thrown by gypsies on the road, to denote to those behind which way they have taken." Take this book in sweet leisure hours, and suck it, as you do a clover head or a thistle blossom. You will find that there is honey in it. It is published by Copeland & Day, of Boston.

One revolution there must occur—the tumbling of books, good, bad, and indifferent, in bushel measure, all over us, during holidays. Some of the best get to the bottom of the heap. It is a shame; for some of them never get out again.

The growth of the small story in American literature is one of the pointers. People read less novels, and more stories. But, alas, the novel had its counterpart in yellow-covered horrors; and now the short story has its counterpart in the syndicate stories that infest our newspapers. The sorriest stuff ever written is this;—for the most part. But it is a constant consolation to know that, intellectually, "The world do move." We shall learn to sift and expunge after a while.

Some of the magazines retain the snap-shot style of book-noting. The *Atlantic* had it for years in its worst form, but wisely abolished it. Now the *Review of Reviews* has it. A book is judged, apparently, by the covers or the title page, or the first chance opening. The wise critic then pitches it aside, and forthwith informs the public of its contents and worth. Put away your kodaks, and give up trying, or pretending to be critics at all. The result of your attempt is as unfortunate as it is unjust. Book-reviewing is a specialty not to be undertaken by every one who can read English, or who makes a reputable chronicler of current events.

As a rule a cook book is about the dreariest reading that the world produces and as a rule also its dishes are the most indigestible if not quite poisonous that it is possible to concoct. But here are two books that are both good reading and useful in the kitchen. We have heard a good deal lately of scientific cookers and have probably hardly thought that above all other places the place where we need real science is in the kitchen. One of the volumes before us boldly announces itself as a scientific treatise on food substances and their dietetic properties, together with a practical explanation of the principles of healthful cookers. The book is what it claims to be in the fullest sense of the word. If any one will study it from beginning to end he will have a reliable knowledge of the fruits, vegetables and cereals and how to put them together in such a way as to build up human beings. Flesh foods are not recommended but their use cannot be dispensed with and the author recognizes this fact. Therefore we have a rational discussion of how to prepare meats in the best way for human diet. The use of nuts is specially recommended and the proper method of preparing them for easy digestion is explained. One chapter is on the art of dining, a most excellent chapter, for it recognizes that human nature in its internal economy depends for health upon external pleasant surroundings. A dining-room should be the cheeriest, pleasantest place in the house. Another chapter is on Household Economy. The kitchen is considered as the household workshop, its utensils are carefully described and all the rules of hygiene carefully expounded. A smaller book accompanies the larger one entitled, Everyday Dishes and Everyday Work. This book is intended to meet the need of those busy housekeepers who think they have no time to thoroughly study dietetics and scientific cookery. It gives information in the easiest and shortest method profitable. Both books are by Mrs. E. E. Kellogg, A. M., Superintendent Experimental Kitchen and Cooking School, and of the Mothers' Meetings for the W. C. T. U. and Chairman of the World's Fair Committee on Food Supplies for Michigan. They are published by the Modern Medicine Publishing Co., of Battle Creek, Michigan. Talmage never said a better thing than? "Many a Christian is trying to do by prayer that which cannot be done except through corrected diet." Horace Mann said, "Our pious ancestors enacted a law that suicide should be buried where four roads meet and a carload of stones thrown upon the body. When gentlemen or ladies with turtle soup or oyster salad die they may be buried in consecrated ground."

E. P. P.

# The Home.

*Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way.*

## Helps to High Living.

SUN.—The deep glances into truth are got by love.
MON.—You know truth by being true.
TUES.—We are victims of the apparent, and the verdict of the senses is taken instead of the verdict of the reason.
WED.—The beautiful law is, that in proportion as the repentance increases the grief diminishes.
THURS.—There is a pent-up energy of love in our hearts, gigantic for good or evil.
FRI.—Be sure that it is by that which is highest in you that you may be lost.
SAT.—There is a past which is gone forever. But there is a future which is still our own.

—*F. W. Robertson.*

## Mother Fur.

I wonder what charm there can be in fur?
The kitten curls up and begins to purr,
The puppy tumbles about in the rug
In his silly way and gives it a hug;
And mousekin that even a shadow can scare,
For a moment lies still in the long, soft hair,
Then slips away to his home in the wall.
Can it be—poor darlings! that each and all
Believe 'tis their mother, and hasten to her?
All babies, I think, love old Mother Fur;
For my little brother—too little to speak—
See how he nestles his peach-blossom cheek
In the velvet coat that the tiger wore,
As it lies stretched out at length on the floor!
Tiger, if you were alive—dear me!
I shudder to think how cruel you'd be;
No doubt, in your day, you did harm enough,
But now, you 're safe as my tippet or muff!
You, too, I will call (since you never can stir)
Old Mother Fur, kind Mother Fur!

—*Edith M. Thomas.*

## A Snow Storm.

The sleighing has been fine for a few weeks, and though the mercury has lingered near zero, we did not mind, but bundled up in our furs, took some fine sleigh rides, and enjoyed the country in winter.

The snow was such a pure white, and laid so evenly on field and meadow that they looked like one vast expanse of whiteness. The fir trees and dark green pines made a beautiful enameled background, while the noble elms and maples reached out their leafless branches toward the clear blue sky. Along the roadside the moss-covered rocks peeped out from the snow; rock fern, so tall and stately, waved to and fro, regardless of the cold. Our country roads abound in summer time with the loveliest delicate ferns, that are a feast to the eye; *then* we call the rock fern coarse and undesirable, but when they bravely nod to us in the winter time, we feel inclined to nod our heads in return, and be thankful that Jack Frost has no power to kill them as he has their fragile sisters.

Yesterday the sky was gray and threatening, the sun rose in a sea of bright crimson, and we said, "Red in the morning, sailors take warning." It plowed through snow clouds and sank out of sight before mid-afternoon; then the snowfall began, and when the evening lamps were lighted several inches had fallen. Then the wind came up, and the elements raged all night. To-day we are snowed in—literally "snowbound"—just as Whittier tells us of; neither wind nor snow has ceased, and the drifts are piled mountain high all about us. The stone walls are hidden from view, and every drift has a crowning "top knot." The old saying comes true: "Round the house—round the house, and a white dove at the window," for the snow is sticking to door and window. No one ventures out except our faithful Englishman, living near by, who came in the early morning, panting, over drifts to our shed door and called for us to throw out a shovel, that he might cut a channel through the drift. When the roads are open I shall send my letters to the post-office by some good neighbor going to town a mile distant, and away they will whirl by stage and train, while we sit beside our bright fire, enjoying our books, our sewing, and the companionship of loved ones, and thank God for home life, be it in city or country.

SARAH M. BAILEY.

## A Witty Scholar.

The late Professor Key, when head master of a large London school, was one of the most genial gentlemen that ever filled that position. He was fond of encouraging fun in his boys, and was not unwilling to recount occasionally during class time, when anything prompted it, the manners and customs of countries he had visited. On one occasion he was telling his class about Spain, and said:

"Do you know, boys, that when a man attains to eminence there he is not called 'sir,' but is given the title of 'don?'"

One of the boys here called out:

"Then, I suppose, sir, they would call you Don-Key?"

The gravity of the class was completely upset for the remainder of the afternoon.—*Strand Magazine.*

## The Trouble With Our Colleges.

The old doctor, standing with his guest among the crowd of villagers, watched the black pine coffin as it was lowered into the grave. A large portly man, handsomely dressed, was the only mourner. He gave a cold, decent attention to the simple ceremonies, and walked briskly back to the hotel for his dinner when they were over.

"There is the end of a story which might, I fear, be duplicated in many a village or city," said the doctor. "Sarah Gibbs, whom we happened to see buried there, was left an orphan at fifteen years of age with a brother of three. That big fellow yonder, hurrying for something to eat, was the child.

"Sarah had great ambitions for her baby brother, as she called him. She worked as a servant to feed and clothe him and send him to school. When he was older she went into the mills in New London, did extra work, lived on tea and dry bread, would not buy a gown in years, to save every cent that she might help him through a college course in Harvard. He was always well fed and well clothed, and a noted athlete. His digestion, heart and lungs were watched under the eye of the professional gymnast of the college. He was a superb animal when he quitted college. His brain had been trained, too. He was keen and quick-witted, and went into business, and has, I hear, been very successful. And yet, when I remember that he has left this old sister here alone in comparative and lonely poverty all of these years, I suspect that his heart education was forgotten."—*Youth's Companion.*

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MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—A "Union for Social Improvement" has been organized in this city by people who believe in practicable reform and popular education.

Education, especially economic education, is absolutely necessary to a solution of our social and industrial problems. The object of this Union is, economic study, philanthropic work, and social culture. It meets the first Tuesday evening in each month, and at these meetings lectures on social and economic problems will be delivered, followed by general discussion. The Union is strictly non-partisan and non-sectarian. Any one, no matter what may be his or her religious, political, or economic opinions, may join this Union by signing the Constitution and paying one dollar a year.

This Union has founded "Unity-House Social Settlement," at 1616 Washington Ave. N., and the executive committee has control of the Settlement work. The object of this Settlement, as its name implies, is social and educational work, and the following lines of work have been begun: A kindergarten, a class in American history, a class in economics, a class in English, a class in arithmetic, a class in bookkeeping, a class in free-hand drawing, a class in mechanical drawing, the penny savings system, a distributing center of the public library, a social hour.

NEW ULM, MINN.—Mr. Buzzell is continuing his interesting Sunday morning discourses at the local hall, and delivered the oration at the recent Thomas Paine anniversary which was celebrated at the Turner Hall. His Sunday evening preaching at Springfield, Minn., is also bearing good fruit, so that there already is some talk of the building of a Unitarian church at this place.

CHICAGO.—Dr. Hirsch has recently been on a lecture tour to the East, speaking in New York and Pittsburg, and this week he is off to the South, lecturing at Nashville and Birmingham. * * * Last Sunday, at All Souls' church there was a double Lincoln service. For the seventh time Mr. Jones presented a study of Abraham Lincoln in his annual morning sermon, and in the evening he presented a study of Abraham Lincoln in poetry, presenting, in part or in whole, Stoddard's Ode, McKay's Sonnet entitled "The Cenotaph," Maurice Thompson's "At Lincoln's Grave," Gilder's "The Life Mask of Lincoln," Tom Taylor's classic tribute in *Punch*, and from Lowell's Commemoration Ode.

CALIFORNIA.—Our readers will regret to learn that Charles W. Wendte has been unable to continue his work at Los Angeles since Christmas, on account of illness, but he is reported as recovering. The Pacific *Unitarian* reports the following statement of the principles of the Los Angeles church over which Mr. Wendte presides as pastor:

OUR PRINCIPLES.

Truth for authority, not authority for truth.

Perfect freedom of inquiry as necessary in religion as in science.

No one ought even to try to believe what is contrary to reason.

No creed can contain the whole or even the most important part of religion.

Character is more than belief or profession.

TACOMA, WASH.—Alfred W. Martin, of the Free church, in the fourth annual report printed in the current number of the *Free Church Record*, says: "I make my report with good times in sight." We hope by this time they have arrived, and if they come from the westward, they may in due time reach Chicago, where they will be welcomed and we will bid them God speed on their way eastward.

CUBA.—While the pros and cons of the Cuban question are agitating our legislatures and our editors, Clara Barton, President of the Red Cross Society of America, has gone there to do something about it. The *Christian Herald*, of New York, is backing her, has guaranteed her ten thousand dollars a month for at least two or three months in her humane work. Perhaps Clara Barton will solve even the Cuban question. A little more bread and a little less powder will do a great deal even for the Cubans, and Spain itself is not wholly beyond the reach of the weapons of love, the diplomacy of kindness.

## Books Received.

OUTLINES OF DESCRIPTIVE PSYCHOLOGY.—A text book of Mental Science for Colleges and Normal Schools. By George Trumbull Ladd. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

THE GATE CALLED BEAUTIFUL.—An Institute of Christian Sociology. By Edward A. Warriner. Thomas Whittaker. $1.50.

VASHTI.—A Poem in Seven Books. By John Brayshaw Kaye. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25.

THE MISSION OF THE SNOW FLAKE.—Life Studies No. 31. By James H. West.

ACTIVE SERVICE; OR GOSPEL WORK AMONG U. S. SOLDIERS. Edited by Rev. T. G. Steward, D. D. (pph.)

## Man's Inhumanity.

It is unfortunate for mankind that there are men who, for the gain of money, will adulterate food intended for the human stomach. Savage blows are given to the health by harmful articles placed in food to cheapen, or add taste or color.

It is enough to arouse one's ire to think that we are made to suffer temporary illness, and perhaps permanent disease, brought about by adulterations in food, that was purchased for pure. All "grain," "wheat," or "cereal coffees" thus far tested that have a distinct coffee taste, are concoctions made up of part low-grade coffee, or coffee essence, and sold to people for "pure cereal coffee."

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True, thousands of people put ½ to ⅔ Postum in their coffee when unwilling to part with the narcotic effect of coffee (this we cannot prevent); but they know what they are mixing, which is quite a different affair than to use a cereal coffee you expect to be pure, and find that the dishonest maker has put in a portion of the very article the user of cereal coffee seeks to avoid.

The great Physicians, Food Experts, Athletic Trainers, Lawyers, Editors and brain-workers in general, are in large numbers using Postum Cereal Food Coffee, for the benefit derived in nourishment and health. A ten days' trial will begin the work of renewal of health, and, if properly prepared, so that it comes to table black, rich and delicious, it will never be abandoned.

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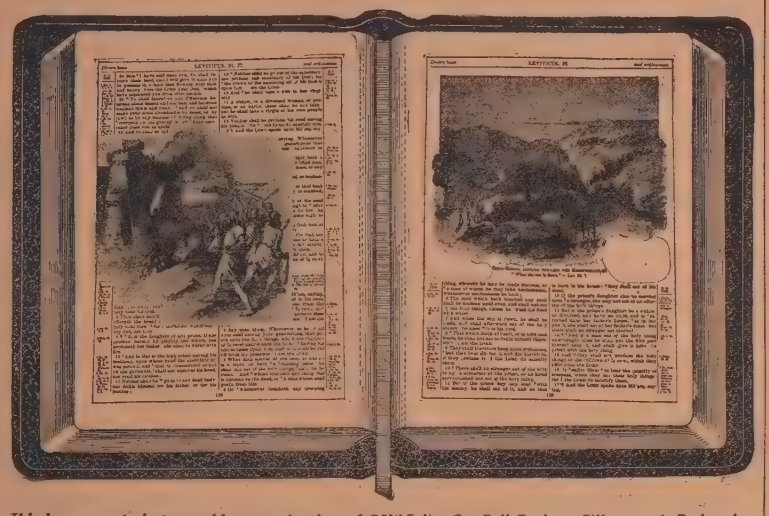

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US, 14. *They overtake the children of Israel*

may serve the E-gŷp´tians? For *it had been* better for us to serve the E-gŷp´tians, than that we should die in the wilderness.

13 ¶ And Mō´ses said unto the people, [q] Fear ye not, stand still, and see the salvation of the LORD, which he will shew to you to day: [2] for the E-gŷp´tians whom ye have seen to day, ye shall see them again no more for ever.

14 [r] The LORD shall fight for you, and ye

B. C. 1491.

q 2 Chr. 20. 15, 17. Is. 41. 10, 13, 14.
2 Or, *for whereas ye have seen the Egyptians to day, &c.*
r ver. 25. Deut. 1. 30; 3. 22. 20. 4.

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". . . I simply try to aid in letting the light of historical truth into that decaying mass of outworn thought which attaches the modern world to mediæval conceptions of Christianity, and which still lingers among us — a most serious barrier to religion and morals, and a menace to the whole normal evolution of society. For behind this barrier also the flood is rapidly rising — the flood of increased knowledge and new thought; and this barrier also, though honeycombed and in many places thin, creates a danger — danger of a sudden breaking away, distressing and calamitous, sweeping before it not only outworn creeds and noxious dogmas, but cherished principles and ideals, and even wrenching out most precious religious and moral foundations of the whole social and political fabric. My hope is to aid — even if it be but a little — in the gradual and healthful dissolving away of this mass of unreason, that the stream of 'Religion pure and undefiled' may flow on broad and clear, a blessing to humanity. . . . My belief is, that in the field left to them — their proper field — the clergy will more and more, as they cease to struggle against scientific methods and conclusions, do work even nobler and more beautiful than anything they have heretofore done. And this is saying much. My conviction is that Science, though it has evidently conquered Dogmatic Theology based on Biblical texts and ancient modes of thought, will go hand in hand with Religion; and that, although theological control will continue to diminish, Religion, as seen in the recognition of 'a Power in the universe, not ourselves, which makes for righteousness,' and in the love of God and of our neighbor, will steadily grow stronger and stronger, not only in the American institutions of learning, but in the world at large. Thus may the declaration of Micah as to the requirements of Jehovah, the definition by St. James of 'pure religion and undefiled,' and, above all, the precepts and ideals of the blessed Founder of Christianity himself, be brought to bear more and more effectively on mankind."—*From the Author's Introduction.*

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# THE SAFE SIDE.

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## LETTERS AND REVIEWS.

### "The Safe Side," a Challenge to the Clergy.

Under the above title Mr. Richard M. Mitchell of this city has written and published a volume of 475 pages, containing what he claims to be "a theistic refutation of the divinity of Christ." The book seems to be written as a challenge to the clergy, as it attacks rather strongly the orthodox doctrine as laid down by both Protestant and Catholic clergymen. And looking at it from this standpoint the laity have no need to concern themselves with its contents.

The author's argument is in brief that the testimony as to the divinity of Christ lies wholly within the New Testament. Outside of that book and its accompanying uncanonical gospels he is not mentioned by any writer till long after his death. "There is a gap of more than a hundred years in which there is no further account of the rise and progress of Christianity." But the different portions of that volume were written at various dates after the death of Christ, and after interests and difficulties had arisen to influence the writers and become the cause of doctrines not thought of by Christ. Prominent among these influences is the fact that for a long time the disciples had all things in common, which gave a personal interest in the movement as soon as others than the poor joined it. For a long time the church supplied more numerous and desirable offices than the civil government. All documents bearing on the early history of the church, were for centuries under the care of those who would not hesitate at interpolation and suppression to perpetuate that which supported and magnified their office. The noted forgery about Jesus Christ inserted in the works of Josephus is an illustration of what they could and would do. The gospel of Peter is one of the oldest Christian writings, and virtually it was the original New Testament. A large number of copies were in use about A. D. 190, and the disappearance of the gospel following such general use can be explained only through intentional suppression. We have positive evidence that the church destroyed it, for there are accounts of at least one Bishop (Serapion) being busily engaged in that very work. Next to the gospel of Peter we would suppose that the gospel of James would have been preserved, but it is numbered with the lost, together with the gospel of Paul, the Oracles of Christ, and very many other gospels and writings. For those that have been preserved it is important to remember that the date of the oldest manuscript is conjectural, and "in no instance can they be traced back to within hundreds of years of the supposed date."

The accounts of Jesus were traditional for a generation or two. His followers did not think it necessary to write his history, as the kingdom of heaven was daily expected. Of those who saw and directly testified of Jesus only the most credulous ever believed in him, and "those who knew him best repudiated his divine pretensions." If some of the events described in the gospels were possible their performance would have produced a widespread sensation far greater than is represented—the resurrection of Lazarus, for instance. The exceedingly short account of Christ is not a source of weakness, but of strength. The little that is known of him has left full play for the imagination of devout followers. But if it were necessary to send him here to save the world it was equally necessary that the acts which were to save it should be accurately recorded for the benefit of all time. Or if the world could be saved without a record of the acts of the one sent to save it why do we have the New Testament at all? Between the imagination and the allegory nothing substantial has been left to combat. It has withstood the test of time not because it is like a rock but because it is like a vapor.

The conversation with the woman of Samaria, the instructions given to the twelve and the disciples when they were sent forth only to "the lost sheep of the house of Israel," and other passages, are cited in support of the belief that Jesus never intended to preach to any other than Jews, and that b t for Paul salvation through him would not have been preached to the Gentiles. (He asks, May not this be adduced as possible cause for the suppression of the Gospel of Peter?) Mr. Mitchell says neither of the synoptic gospels tells that John the Baptist acknowledged Jesus to be his superior, and holds that the Gospel of John must have been written long afterwards, for the purpose of supplying this omission, this being necessary because "in the Acts of the Apostles it is disclosed that long after the death of Christ there were followers of John the Baptist, and it is evident that when the fourth gospel was written there were those who asserted that John did not acknowledge Jesus as the superior." "John" exhibits a studied effort to cover this point, "but over-does the work, and through excess of zeal furnishes evidence of untrustworthiness." John the Baptist was the most important man among the Christians after Christ, and if he had taken the position claimed for him it would have been natural for Paul to write much of him, particularly in the Epistle to the Hebrews. But Paul makes no allusion to him in that epistle, and seldom does anywhere.

In the chapter on Josephus the author dwells at some length on previously advanced reasons for the claim that the chief passage in the writings of the Jewish historian relating to Jesus was an interpolation and probably perpetrated by Eusebius. It says Josephus wrote his histories about the time or before the earliest uncanonical gospels were written, and was as old as any of the writers of these gospels. "He comments favorably of John the Baptist, and equally well of the Essenes, but, as for the wonderful events recorded in the New Testament he knew nothing, for there had been no such events." As late as the ninth century Photius, Patriarch of Constantinople, wrote of Justus (who held office in Galilee during the same time Josephus did), that "he makes not the least mention of the appearance of Christ or of what things had happened to him." Mr. Mitchell claims that the only other supposed reference to Jesus in the works of Josephus was not to him at all—that he wrote about James "the son of Damneus," and not the brother of Jesus "who was called Christ."

The chapters about Paul present some radical conclusions. The apostle of the Gentiles did not admit any authority over himself by the other apostles. Not till three years after his conversion did he go to Jerusalem, and then only saw Peter and James. He did not go there again till fourteen years later, and then not to consult, but to communicate to them that gospel which he had preached among the Gentiles. That is to say, he was "sent by the Almighty to instruct those apostles who had been taught by Christ." And then he quarreled with Peter. "There is no room to question the fact that Jesus first, and Peter and all the apostles except Paul, afterward, never consented to the admission into the church of any but circumcised Jews." The Gentile question was the rock upon which they split. "It was that which caused the suppression of the works of Peter and the other apostles by the Gentile church in later times, and caused their otherwise superior position to be superseded by that of Paul." And "Paul knew nothing of the ascension; it had not been thought of in his time. He often spoke of the resurrection, and always had reference to it only when alluding to Jesus having risen."

"The Safe Side" is written from what may be described as the most agnostic position possible within the range of Unitarian views. It presents a great number of "nuts to crack" by those students of the scriptures and the history of the the church who have gone over the ground for themselves, and are credited with the ability to pass judgment upon the arguments for and against "the faith as once delivered to the saints." It is not a book that can be safely recommended for miscellaneous reading, for the sincere Christian layman would not feel justified in accepting many of the statements as to fact or the deductions made in regard to them, without consulting some one of the clerical pillars of the faith, whose studies have carried him over the whole ground, including the "side" which Mr. Mitchell seems to think is not the safe one. But the work should be read by doctors of the church and able, educated ministers of the gospel who possess superior knowledge of the subject, which entitles them to speak with authority, and combat for the benefit of the laity the objections raised by the "higher critics" like Mitchell, who deny that the Bible is an inspired revelation and all its statements are true ones. We doubt not that the allegations and arguments advanced by Mr. Mitchell are answerable and explainable to reasonable minds. At the same time it is not a book to be commended to the perusal of any except those who have made a thorough study of the subject which it discusses.—*Chicago Tribune.*

*From Prof. O. B. Frothingham, Boston.*

The book has been received and perused. Allow me to thank you for sending it to me as one capable of judging its argument. I find it original and able. Its frankness, outspokenness, boldness, interest me greatly. It goes to the roots of the matter. It has long been my conviction that the belief in the deity of Christ was the essence of Christianity; that the religion must fall with this; that a revision of doctrine, history, pyschology becomes necessary. This you have undertaken. I may differ here and there from you, but on incidental points only, where you may be right. On the main drift of your essay my sympathies are entirely with you. You have learning, thought, insight, on your side, and I think this volume will attract attention by the honesty with which it presents the claims of reason and avows the the good results of obeying the natural laws of the mind. You do a service in printing it. I would advise its wide circulation.

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*From "Review of Reviews," New York.*

The present time is one of great religious discussion in America as elsewhere. Books are written from every conceivable standpoint, and the candid student of religious problems will welcome every honest effort at their solution, while not yielding his own individual right of judgment. Mr. Mitchell's work is an attack upon Christianity—its bible, its church, its doctrine, its founder. Firmly fixed in the belief of a divine existence and the necessity for a religious life in man, the author presents the thesis: The divinity of Christ can be disproved; being disproved, the whole Christian system falls. Mr. Mitchell has been a thorough student of recent biblical criticism and he uses its results freely. He goes far beyond the conservative Unitarian position, for he attacks even the ethical teaching of Jesus. Many orthodox readers will sympathize somewhat with the view Mr. Mitchell takes of the clergy. He emphasises strongly the great amount of social wealth which yearly goes to support church "club-houses" and the ministry, which to him seems a serious waste. Generally speaking the volume has been produced in a spirit of great candor. Throughout it is ably written, in clear, fitting language. * * *

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*Prof. Hudson Tuttle in "The Better Way."*

A more thoroughly honest and impartial criticism on Christian doctrines and the claims of Christianity has not been published. It is logical and argumentative, but never partisan. It presents the strongest arguments for Christianity, and then slowly and surely draws the besieging forces of facts and logic around them, undermines them, and at last demolishes them. Unimpassioned as the truth itself, the author proceeds step by step, and when the last sentence is finished, the object for which he wrote the book has been accomplished. The titles of the twenty-one chapters do not convey a complete idea of the author's line of thought, and quotations from pages so diversified would give a yet more inadequate conception. The book grows better from the beginning. Evidently the author wrote slowly and with much thought, and as he proceeded his mental horizon extended, and expression became easier and more certain. After the review of Christianity, the last five chapters, which somewhat diverge, are especially excellent. They are titled: "Inertia of Ideas," "Conversion," "The Safe Side," "Immortality," "Supernatural Supervision." Those who desire to know what the most advanced scholarship has done in the way of Biblical criticism can find it here in this book, condensed and more forcibly expressed. In short, it is a *vade mecum*, a library within itself of this kind of knowledge, and is much that is difficult of access in its original form. The author writes with conviction, which is felt in any one of his plain and terse sentences. There is no circumlocution or word-padding to conceal poverty of ideas. He writes because he has something to say, and says it without fear or favor, because he feels that it is true.


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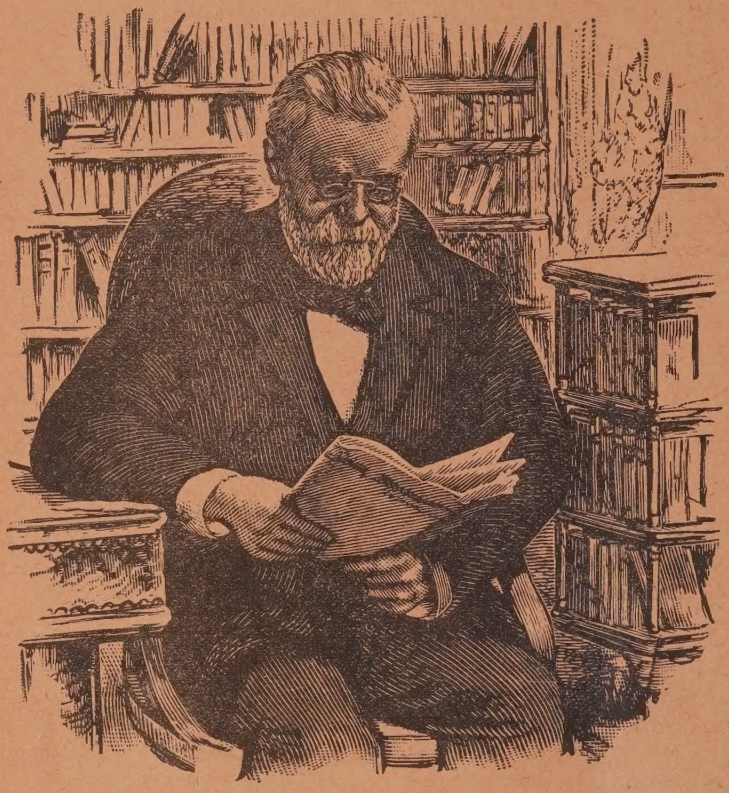

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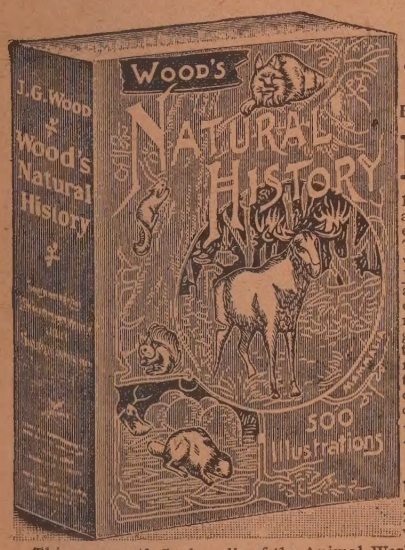


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